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Needle Scallop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s., to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
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With Flouncings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
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Ditto.....1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
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Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

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Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d. to 25s.
Ditto, Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto, Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d , to 18s. 11d.
Muslin, ditto, 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric, ditto, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.

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White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers..5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel .....6s. 11d. to 9s. 11d.
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Merino .....4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool .....5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

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Flannel ..... 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino Vests ..... 1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
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Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 9d.

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Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
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Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
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Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
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90 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
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Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' Department.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 9d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 9d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces Twill ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin.. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieees ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
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20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook .. .. .. 4½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers .. .. 4½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
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10 Dozen ditto .. .. 7½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s.
5 Pieces ditto .. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d, to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto Cluny, 1s., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, prices will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, new patterns, low prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ....8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties .....9½d.
A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 1s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s.
Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen.. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 2½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 4½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 6½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 9d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 2s. "
And so on to .. .. 9s. "
Ready Hemmed ..1s. 1½d. to 9s. "
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

THE BLIND ASYLUM CHAPEL.

THE story of the Blind Asylum Chapel seems not nearly finished yet. Like one of the four or five volumed novels of Mrs. Ratcliffe's era, it has no end. "Novel" is the best word for it, and novel may such a story ever be, throughout all future ages of bishops, priests, and congregations! At any rate, we may venture to hope that our city and neighbourhood, when once delivered, if delivered they ever are, from this unpleasant and unedifying scandal, may never be punished with the like again. If proof be wanted that the spirits of the departed are not permitted to walk this earth in visible shape, it is to be found in the fact that neither the ghost of Mr. Henshaw, nor that of any one of the founders of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, has arisen and confronted the author or authors of so much evil. Nay, perhaps poor Mr. Henshaw *has* paid a visit to the Chapel, and, finding only "confusion worse confounded" there, has rushed back to his coffin as quickly as possible, unable to bear a sight so sad. In this case the Chapel is likely soon to be doubly deserted. The living are leaving it, one after the other. The congregation is melting away, and being absorbed into other churches. Paterfamilias groans in spirit, not to speak of flesh, as, after gobbling up his breakfast half an hour earlier than usual, he trudges with wife and family along a mile or more of dusty road, instead of tranquilly lounging through the iron gates opposite his house, and dropping into his pew as the clock strikes half-past ten. Conscience and pocket alike revolt against Sunday cabs, so walk he must; and a long walk he has of it. There is a wide gap between the Blind Asylum Chapel and all other places of worship. Besides, the Old Traffordite is not easily suited. Deprived of his beloved Chapel, he becomes an Ishmaelite. It has been quite pitiable to see him, during the last few Sundays, wandering through the streets of Hulme, in quest of a church of right elevation—one neither too high, nor too low, nor too anything else.

Meanwhile, the poor Blind Asylum Chapel is left to the mercy of strangers—clergymen unattached, who officiate for so much a service. No disrespect to these gentlemen or their ministrations; but it is, of course, absurd to suppose that a congregation can be kept together without a regular pastor. Even the present services are only held on sufferance. The Bishop can at any moment inhibit one or all of the officiating guinea-pigs.* That he has not done so, is a proof that he is not so vindictive against the congregation as some of the congregation seem to believe. But let Dr. Crompton give him a few more pokes, and who can tell what may happen? As it is, it must be scarcely pleasant for the officiating clergymen to know that they are doing what the Bishop has publicly declared shall not be done,—holding service in the Blind Asylum Chapel for outsiders. Dr. Crompton has carried his point. The Chapel is no longer "St. Thomas's, Old Trafford," with a legal district around it, and parishioners lawfully entitled to pews in their Parish Church. It is simply a chapel for the dumb and blind. "Then," says the Bishop, "none but the dumb and blind shall worship in it. The chaplain shall be merely chaplain to the two Institutions. They alone shall engage his time, and benefit by his ministrations." So spake his Lordship nearly half a year ago. So, four months ago, we prophesied† that he would continne to speak. So, in fact, does he speak now. And so, we prophesy again, will he go on speaking, spite of Dr. Crompton's proud boastings; until the congregation come to their senses, and make themselves independent of Blind Asylum Chapels and doubtful consecrations, completely and for ever. This they can do, and this they will have to do, by erecting a church of their own. The district is an important one. It is rapidly increasing. Even now the Chapel is not large enough for the population. Between Chorlton Road and Old Trafford Bar,—nay, we may say now, between Chorlton Road and Stretford,—there is no church at all, along the Stretford Road—a distance of more than two miles. Setting aside the Chapel difficulties altogether, there is urgent need of a church—and a large church, too—for the upper end of Stretford New Road, for Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, and the many houses which are springing up between Old Trafford and Stretford itself. Surely a little energy and co-operation would speedily effect the desired result. The Bishop has promised his blessing. What more can possibly be wanted?

We have referred to our former article on this subject. Since the date of that article, the gentleman selected for the post of Chaplain by the Chapel Committee has been waiting to enter on his duties, kept in suspense, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth; the former place being represented, of course, by the Diocesan Registry, and the latter by the room where Dr. Crompton and his coadjutors meet for business. From the Doctor's last speech we gather that he is only waiting for legal advice, to bid the chaplain officiate, bishop or no bishop.* Everybody knows the story about the giant and dwarf who went on a fighting expedition together; but how about the case of *two* giants knocking one another about, with an unhappy dwarf between them? The Bishop is one giant; Dr. Crompton another. The Bishop cannot well hurt Dr. Crompton, but any and every blow will fall with double force on the head of the poor chaplain. An unlicensed and unbeneficed parson is a very defenceless animal. No doubt the clergyman in question is well deserving the choice of the congregation. Well, then, let the congregation not only build their new church, but also nominate this gentleman as their first Rector. Meantime, we advise him to take the first place—yes, even the first curacy—which offers itself, on the principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The Blind Asylum bird is in such a dense and thorny bush, that we fear it will take no ordinary amount of trouble and time to get at it.

The latest news from Old Trafford is that the congregation have sent a deputation to the Bishop, with a humble petition, setting forth their great spiritual destitution, and praying his Lordship to supply their need. Some half-dozen of the "most influential members" (we use an oft-repeated term) presented this petition, and came away with no better consolation than the Bishop's sympathy, and polite assurance that he would give them a parson when they gave him a church—but not before. Ungracious as it may sound, we are scarcely sorry. In the first place, it is clear that nothing except a new church can effectually remedy all the existing evils; and secondly, we are not quite certain that the congregation are quite the innocent lambs they would fain have the Bishop imagine. Granted that they had nothing to do with Dr. Crompton, nothing to do with the Chancery suit, nothing to do with all the vexed questions which have left the Right Rev. J. P. Lee out of patience and pocket together. Still, they have hitherto looked quietly on. They never wagged their little fingers, or moved one muscle of their tongues, on his Lordship's side. Nay, we have a strong impression that they rather enjoyed the fracas; and it really seems somewhat late in the day to solicit the Bishop's sympathy (which, by the way, they have got) and help (which they have *not*), when they left him, beforetime, to fight his battle as best he could, without any sympathy, expressed or understood, on their own part. Moreover, the Bishop may very possibly bethink him that their late Rector—his own nomination—scarcely found his position such a bed of roses as to make him over sorry to leave it. On the whole, we are afraid that the congregation of the Blind Asylum Chapel are not quite so simple as they tried to represent themselves, the other day, at the Diocesan Registry.

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* *Guinea-pig*—a clergyman who takes occasional duty at a guinea a service or sermon.

† See Article on the Blind Asylum Chapel, in the *Sphinx*, No. 23, for December 26th, 1868.

* Extract from report of meeting held March 6th, 1869:—"Dr. Crompton said that . . . they (the Chapel Committee) believed it was not necessary that the Chapel should be licensed. . . . They believed the Bishop had placed that Chapel in such a dilemma that he could not apply English law either to it or to the chaplain; and they were only waiting for legal advice from London before deciding as to the course they should take."

As to the real point at issue—whether the Bishop has, or has not, power to allow the Chaplain to officiate for outsiders, as well as dumb and blind—we know and can say nothing. Bishops are but men after all, and the Bishop of Manchester has, no doubt, a share in human weaknesses. A man, be he anything short of angel, is not improved in temper by losing a Chancery suit. We deal simply with facts and men as they actually exist. We wish to show how these facts and men, being what they are, can best be dealt with. We said in our former article, and we say again, that the spiritual interests of the dumb and blind have never been sufficiently considered. The deaf and dumb should have services conducted in their own language of signs; the blind should be addressed in words adapted especially to their condition.* If money was wanted to pay a Chaplain for such work as this, it might surely have been procured by voluntary contributions from outside. At any rate, if outsiders were ever admitted into the Chapel, they should have been taught that they were so admitted on sufferance, and simply because they had no church of their own. There ought to be plenty of work, Sunday and week-day, for an earnest clergyman, in two such institutions as those at Old Trafford. In return for this work he ought to receive a proper stipend, independent of fluctuating pew-rents. Consecration or no consecration, St. Thomas' Parish Church or Blind Asylum Chapel, Bishop or Dr. Crompton, we cannot see any real benefit to the dumb and blind until this view of the case is thoroughly understood and acted upon by all who have to do with the Charities at Old Trafford.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

WASTDALE.

MR. Ruskin says he would not be surprised to hear, some day, of a railway being carried through the lovely scenery of Borrowdale. Neither should we, though, when they lay the iron threads along that glorious dale, and, tunnelling the Stake Pass, break the silence of Langdale with the shriek of a railway whistle, that shall scare the raven from Bowfell or the Pikes, we shall consider it time to bid a long farewell to the English Lakes, and, shouldering our knapsack, set out to find "fresh fields and pastures new." One bit of comfort, however, we take from the fact that at least there is one wild soiltude which cannot thus be rudely invaded, for he would be accounted a rash speculator who suggested a line of railway with a terminus at Wastdale Head. Hemmed in on all sides but one by mighty mountain barriers, crossed by difficult and even dangerous passes, it can only be approached by road from the direction of the sea-coast. For this reason it is the least frequented by tourists, and therefore all the more attractive to the real lover of nature. From Buttermere the way into it lies over Scarf-Gap and Black Sail, while the approach from Keswick, through Borrowdale, is over the pass of Sty Head. This latter route we chose when last we visited it. We ascended the pass after heavy rains, and in stormy weather, with the mist and cloud-rack driving round, and obscuring the mountain tops. The path, for a long distance, was simply a water-course, which made progress along it anything but easy or agreeable. Not only, however, in fine weather are the mountains seen to most advantage, for mountain gloom is often as impressive as mountain glory. In stormy weather there are sombre depths of light and shade, that increase the grandeur of their outlines. Half revealed and half concealed by trailing mist-clouds, that creep, weird and ghost-like, about them, now smouldering round some awful crag, and now sending out great long arms that point with spectral fingers over the valleys, the opening vistas revealing profound depths of gloom, which impress the imagination with a sense of infinite distances and possibilities beyond, the mountains have a mystery and savage beauty which is looked for in vain in fine weather. At the summit of the pass, Sty Head Tarn lay lone and dark, with the water, ruffled by the wind, lapping the grey boulders strewn about its shore. Beyond, looking west, outside the cloud-girdle that encircled the mountains, was the blue sky over Morecambe Bay and the Irish Sea; while deep down at the foot of Scawfell was seen the little hamlet of Wastdale, a cluster of houses and cultivated fields, sleeping in quiet rest without a sound or sign of human life. Descending the steep and rugged path, formed of flinty stones with the sharp sides upwards, past great piles of screes that cover the mountains on one side, we reached the green fields, and, passing along a path between stone walls, which resembled the dry bed of a torrent in its stony roughness, we came suddenly upon a tall, gaunt dalesman, who strode with great strides among his dogs. This proved to be no other than William Ritson, a name associated with that of Professor Wilson, grand old Christopher North. Salutations exchanged, we entered the farmhouse which he occupies, and which offers the hospitality of an inn to wayfaring tourists. Seated in the quaint, old-fashioned room, with its smoke-dried oaken rafters and curiously carved furniture, after a refreshment of oatcake with cheese and ale, it was pleasant enough to listen to Ritson's talk about Wilson. Under the genial influence of pipe and bowl, with his favourite dogs about his feet, he discussed freely regarding the Professor, of whom he spoke in terms of admiration and affection. In his youth he had wrestled and jumped with him, had hunted the granite with him over the mountains, and he related, with all the gusto of a description of a fox hunt, how they had traced the granite, and where they had lost it; how, renewing the search, they had hit upon it again, until the Professor's geological search was complete. A very merry companion was North, keeping the company in laughter all the day, always ready with a joke, and able to "make a *sang* about anything." At nights, Ritson said, it was his amusement to get together the old women of the place, to hear them sing songs, and to make merry with them in dances.

There is a primitive simplicity of life, and a marked individuality of character, about these inhabitants of Wastdale, of whom Ritson is an excellent specimen. They possess an almost passionate fondness for dogs, which, besides collecting sheep with, they use in hunting foxes on foot over the mountains. Numerous expeditions of this kind were related by Ritson in a most graphic manner. Once, after a hard day's hunt, in which the fox had been lost, having retired to bed, he heard the hounds from Coniston in full cry upon the scent, and had risen to follow them on the track. On a Sunday, when the parson from illness was unable to perform his duties, they had taken the hounds out for a trail. And yet they have a serious regard for religious exercises, which Professor Wilson has pointed out in his description of a Sunday at Wastdale Church. One of the smallest of its kind, containing some dozen pews, it stands among the hamlets, scarcely distinguishable from the other buildings, with eaves so low that a dalesman like Ritson could lift them with his shoulders. Along with this regard for religious observances, the dalesmen display a remarkable independence, which places them beyond the reach of priestcraft. In times gone by the pastor was supported by his flock in a style of the most primitive simplicity. Yearly, in addition to a tribute of sheep, he was presented with a new pair of clogs, a leathern apron, and new shirts. His sheep had free pasturage; but as Ritson, with a merry twinkle in his eye, told us, the parson's sheep were always lost, being without a shepherd, and so this mode of payment was changed to one of money. Education was conducted in a manner in keeping with their limited wants and requirements. Some nine pounds a year was considered sufficient pay for a schoolmaster, who lived alternately with the parents of his pupils, a tailor being paid and boarded by one or other, for the making of his clothes. At the time of our visit this office of schoolmaster had been rendered vacant by a sad tragedy. A year or two previous the last teacher had committed suicide, and no one had been appointed to replace him. A quiet, inoffensive man, he seems to have been respected and loved by the inhabitants of the dale. Possessing a taste for music, on summer evenings he would be heard playing on his violin as he passed homewards, and Ritson told us he would often go to listen to him as he played in the schoolhouse until it was dark. One night, about Christmas time, he left Ritson to go home, and was seen no more alive. Soon missed out of the scanty population, search was made, and he was found in the schoolhouse with his throat cut, kneeling by a bench, as if at prayer. A dalesman and his dog had passed the place at the time when the deed was supposed to be done, and the dog had gone to the door, sniffed, and whined, for the life-current had oozed down in a stream upon the floor to the doorway.

* We are glad to notice the following suggestion in the scheme submitted to Vice-Chancellor Stuart, by the Governors of the two Institutions:—"That the Chaplain be required to master the deaf and dumb alphabet, so that he may be able to hold communion with the inmates of the Deaf and Dumb Schools." But, after all, if a step in the right direction, it is only a step. No Chaplain can be said to do his duty properly to the deaf and dumb, who cannot conduct service for and preach to them, in their own language of signs.

Our conversation was brought to an end by the arrival of Ritson's neighbour, Tyson, a dalesman, at whose house Professor Wilson stayed, and which was described by him in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in a paper styled "Christopher at the Lakes." Tyson had come to test his dogs with Ritson's, on a fox trail, for there were to be sports on an early day at the Vale of Newlands, and the dogs were to compete for prizes. Ritson, as we afterwards learnt, was declared victor.

Passing out under the sycamores which shaded the house, we made our way down to the margin of Wastwater, and came upon the school-house, standing lone and deserted. It is a stone building, of exceedingly small dimensions. The windows were broken, and through one of them, within reach, was an open desk, with papers and torn lesson books lying in it. The floor was of stone. The otherwise bare walls contained only a few pegs for the caps of the scholars. In addition to the fireplace, the whole furniture consisted of a large arm-chair, fronting a single desk of rough wood (upon which lay the broken key of the place), and with rude benches on each side. A more melancholy and wretched little place could not be well conceived, and one could not wonder that depression should fasten upon the mind of a man doomed to the drudgery of teaching under such circumstances.

Turning our faces seawards, we pressed on through Nether Wastdale, but did not reach the little inn at the village of Strands before the night had come on, and the mountains had drawn about them their mist-curtains, through which the stars shone as through gossamer of silver.

AFTER DARK.

A BATCH of "first appearances," a reappearance after a long absence, and the production of a new performance, rendered the programme of the Theatre Royal for last Saturday night unusually interesting. The agreeable consequence was a very large attendance of spectators. The upper part of the house was well filled, even the stalls presented an animated appearance, and the pit was crowded. Indeed, it is a long time since a performance by the stock company has given the theatre so healthful an aspect. It was quite pleasant to hear the money rattling and see the seats filling. It was quite unpleasant to see the uncomfortable rows of standers round the pit and sitters in it, and to have been one of them must have been wearying in the extreme. Nothing could have proved better the justice of our animadversions last Saturday morning, on the discomforts of the pit, than the state of it last Saturday evening. It is a wonder people can be found to stand for more than three hours under the low ceiling formed by the dress-circle, in a stifling atmosphere, for the sake of getting the small view they have of some two yards above the footlights. However, many willing victims seem to be found, and so long as that is the case it is little use to grumble.

Although we cannot say that the performance would repay anyone for a shillingsworth of such discomfort, it is a creditable reproduction of a piece which is but little better played in London, and which no amount of good acting could make agreeable to a refined taste. *After Dark* is one of Mr. Dion Boucicault's celebrated forty-thousand pounders. It professes to be a tale of London life by night, and consequently it deals largely in crimes, vices, sins, and misdemeanours of every description. Personally, we object to the unmitigated stories of unmitigated rascality; but since they are so popular, we suppose we must bear with them, and suffer Mr. Boucicault to sacrifice his fame to his fortune, in peace and quietness. We do not propose to sketch the plot of his last play; anyone who wants to know it had better go and see it; but we may remark that it is the same class of piece as *Flying Scud;* steeped much more deeply in crime and vulgarity, not so well written, and having a railway-train instead of a horse for its sensation. There is in it the identical Jew, bodily transferred from the last-mentioned piece, only having lost some of his humour in the transit. Of course, the plot turns on a forgery—a crime out of which theatrical managers have made more profit than any other class of the community. There is a night-cabman—the forger, and a baronet, to boot—the Jew—a returned convict—the cabman's wife—his more or less wooden female cousin—a boardman—an innocent young man, who walks confidingly into the most suspicious places with no other protection than a spotless white waistcoat—a ubiquitous policeman, who sets an example to the force by being everywhere he's wanted, and also in several places where he isn't—nigger minstrels—music-hall singers, and generally-disreputable persons of every shade and degree, &c., &c. Shuffle these—cut them—bless you, they're used to it; you won't hurt their feelings—deal them out into dry arches, gambling hells, music-halls, wine-cellars, and underground railways—and there you have *After Dark, a Tale of London Life.* As these scenes are all of a dreary and depressing description, it is not to be wondered at that they have been reproduced with photographic accuracy on the Theatre Royal stage. We would especially compliment the management on the admirable fidelity with which it has imitated the sort of champagne likely to be met with in the haunts represented—stuff off which the cork has to be pulled with violence, which pours out like cold tea, and which—if we may judge by the expression on the face of the unfortunate new actor who has to drink so much of it—tastes little better than it looks. We should also mention with special approval the faithful manner in which the music-hall scene reproduces the dreariness of those melancholy establishments—so faithfully, indeed, as nearly to damn the piece. Those bold spirits who vigorously hissed this weary scene were much truer and more friendly critics than the sillier and more numerous ones who, with mistaken kindness, drowned the hisses in applause. The scene—melancholy in itself—not only drags, but interferes with the interest of the plot, which even without interruption would not be overpowering. We hope that the courageous few amongst Manchester audiences, who are learning the wholesome art of hissing, will not be discouraged by the extra applause which their disapproval invariably excites. By-and-by their number will increase, and no amount of applause can do away with the effect of their disapprobation. They are doing a good work: may they prosper in it.

The imitativeness and conservatism of actors is curious. It is difficult to help thinking that every actor who took part in last Saturday's performance has seen and studied the London original. Mr. Barsby, with the big figure, the strongly-marked face, the heavy wig, the yellow dust-coat, and the white hat, with a band round, of the returned convict, was the very picture of Mr. Walter Lacy in the same part. We will warrant this same figure has traversed the hemispheres with the play. We have no doubt it was, last month but one, at Niblo's Gardens in New York. Other characters in the piece here are strikingly like the same in London, and indeed the whole performance is curiously similar to that at the Princess's Theatre. This, when it is remembered how well such pieces are produced at the Princess's, says something for our local management. The play is really well put on the stage. Its faults are rather the faults of the author than of the actors. To many minds it may present an enjoyable entertainment, but for anyone whose ears have been sharpened by the smart epigrams of Mr. Robertson it must make a dull evening. And to think the rigmarole should travel round the world!

The reappearance after a long absence, to which allusion has been made, was that of no less a person than Mr. Harry Thompson, the entrance of whose nose was hailed with acclamation. Mr. Thompson seems as comical as ever; but his appearance took us back into old times, and made us anything but merry. It is long since Mr. Thompson acted at the Royal. There have been changes with us since then; there have been changes with the theatre since then; there have been changes with him since then. We hope things have gone well with him. The effacing fingers of time have been busy; the dark wing of death has been near. We congratulate him on the safe possession of his nose.

On at least one of its new members we think the stock company is to be complimented. The other three we should like to see in less awkward parts, before pronouncing on them. Mr. Mortimer Murdoch seemed to us to mouth the part of Old Tom, the boardman; Mr. W. J. Thompson did not make the cabman-baronet a living character; and Miss Baldwin played the wooden character allotted to her in a stagey and unfinished style—speaking her sentences, moreover, too quickly and boldly, and stopping too abruptly at the end of her speeches. But all three of these are difficult, unsympathetic parts, calculated to show new-comers in the most unfavourable light. The fourth "first appearance" was that of Miss Isabella Mortimer—a round, well-sounding name, but one which scarcely suits the little lady who bears it; however, we suppose people can't help their names. This young lady played the

cabman's wife, Eliza—the only satisfactory part in the piece—with considerable grace and feeling, but we almost think that we are inclined to be of opinion that we hardly like her somewhat grunty style of sobbing—at least she does rather too much of it. We lose patience with everlasting weeping and fainting. But what can a poor girl do with Mr. Boucicault's dialogue? Mr. Righton plays the Jew, Dicey Morris, with that ability which he has taught us to expect from him; Mr. Everill walks through a spooney part which gives him no scope at all, and wanders under dry arches at midnight in his irreproachable white waistcoat—emblem of the immaculate purity of the heart beneath it, but somewhat unseasonable. Mr. Barsby makes a sufficiently bad-looking heavy villain. Altogether, the piece is well done; but the music-hall scene should be much curtailed, and the railway train should get its speed up before coming on the stage. This silly sensation will no doubt amuse the holiday makers, and, after a little practice, will not come into collision with the proscenium.

THE BANK CLERK TO HIS BI-CYCLE.

My beautiful! my bi-cycle! and must I say good-bye
Unto thy slim circumferences, thy profile smart and spry.
Thou ne'er again with me mayest spin, *that spill* has done the deed—
I dare not mount thee any more—thou'rt sold, Velocipede!
No more to me remains the joy to tread thy circling wheel—
The steadier now thou trundlest on, the smaller I shall feel;
Another's form must on thee perch—thy price this hand will hold;
Turn-out uniqne, but whimsical, my bi-cycle, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those firm, well-tired rounds, along shall swiftly flee
To Broughton, Stretford, Cheetham Hill, or haply Didsburee;
Some hand more deft perchance than mine will safely steer thy course,
Defiant of those tyrants stern, the members of "The Force."
Each morn will bring its *quantum suff.* of figures, facts, and sums,
But thou wilt be far, far away before to-morrow comes;
And when from desk and docketting the evening sets me free,
The plodding and prosaic 'bus must take me home to tea.

[The editorial prerogative has here been reluctantly exercised, and three stanzas cut out.]

* * * * * when last I oiled thy springs!

When last I oiled thy springs! Ya-ha! the brief delusion's o'er:
I'd rather fifty croppers get, than see thee never-more!
They taunted me, my bi-cycle! with banter rude and rough;
They chaffed me, my Velocipede! but—shall I be the muff
Through ridicule to part from thee? Who says I am dismayed?
It isn't true, my bi-cycle! We'll show them who's afraid!
Thus, *thus*, again I thee bestride, and let him laugh who wins;
Away! and—oh, confound it all, I've broken both my shins!

RATHER EXASPERATING.

To send your servant ill of fever to the infirmary, pay the necessary fees, and have him or her returned on your hands infected with small-pox.

To confide your love-affairs and hopes to an intimate friend, and find afterwards that said friend has, all the while, been cutting you out in the same quarter.

To read in the newspapers that money is so cheap and abundant that it is "quite a drug," when you cannot manage to raise a shilling.

To return home to dinner fagged and hungry, and find that the mistress of the house has gone to attend a meeting for the promotion of "women's rights," and forgotten to order any.

To be informed that your last dozen of rare old port, on which your mind has dwelt with satisfaction for some time, has been used up for sauces, negus, and other odds and ends.

To go by invitation to a formal dinner party, and find on arrival that it took place on the day previous.

To enter a railway station on most important business, and witness the train, by which you ought to have travelled, in the act of leaving it.

To resign your seat in the omnibus to a lady who could afford to pay for a coach and four, if she chose, get thoroughly drenched, and catch a severe cold in consequence.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

OBSERVATION has informed us that it is chiefly girls and ladies who support the little crossing-sweeping nuisances in and about St. Ann's Square. We are not going to quarrel with creation. We suppose it is for the best that women exist, but when we see how persistently they patronise and encourage everything that is mischievous and wrong, it is impossible to help thinking that the point is arguable.

We once had a newsroom in Manchester. Would it not pay to establish another? The Athenæum is a very good one, but many a person would pay a penny for a reference to yesterday's paper, who does not feel inclined to walk all the way to that worthy institution, and take out a quarter's ticket. We are sure some central place, where files of all the papers are kept, would be a public boon, and surely such an establishment ought to pay. If, however, Kaye's gave up for want of patronage, that disposes of the matter.

After incredible delay, and years of discomfort to those whose duties call upon them to pass through St. Ann's Street, the Corporation have at last paved that thoroughfare with good stone sets. For years this street has been little better than a muddy puddle, all but impassable after wet weather. We welcome the change. An obstacle to keeping a deposit account at Heywood's Bank is now removed.

The velocipede mania having broken out here with alarming violence, we commend it to Captain Palin's coercive care. A mad dog can be avoided, because he runs straight; but a mad man (on a rantoon) runs anything but straight, and when he meanders along the footpath at the rate of ten miles an hour, he becomes a dangerous nuisance. If babies want to be wheeled along the footpath, they must go in perambulators, and not on velocipedes.

We would commend to the attention of everybody the address of the new Rector of St. Andrew's. Particularly is it suited to the many infatuated persons who believe so strongly in our universities. The popular faith in the advantages of a university training is simply a bigotry. What advantages it has are rather social than scholastic. Nobody of the least intelligence and information thinks one whit the more of a man's mental attainments because he is a Master of Arts. In fact, one scarcely ever meets with an educated ass who isn't one. The real benefit a degree confers is that of letting people know that so much money has been spent on your education. Reverence for a university training is only one form of the universal worship of gold. Whether this small and rather pitiful advantage is worth three years of time, a large sum of money, and losing one's start in life, is a question which many sensible young men will answer in the negative.

In its notice of Mr. Robertson's new play, *Dreams*, experimentally produced in Liverpool, prior to its appearance in London, the *Daily News* comments on the growing custom of first trying new pieces on the provinces, as on a *corpus vile*. Whether Liverpool likes being considered a *corpus vile*, we cannot say; but it is well for the critical reputation of the *Daily News* that it did not expressly apply that term to Manchester. From this little expression it is obvious that the new dramatic critic of that journal is afflicted with the old fallacy, which we have so often attempted to explode, of believing the superiority of London over provincial audiences. So far as Manchester is concerned, the advantage of producing a piece there is rather that the author may have the benefit of its opinion, than that he may use it as a *corpus vile*. Further, the *Daily News* remarks, that a piece gets much less criticised in the provinces. Well, it is our function to speak for our own town alone, and to it the remark is inapplicable. We should like the *Daily News* to ask Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Byron, Mr. Phillips, and even Mr. Robertson, if they ever met with so much plain-spoken criticism in London as in Manchester. True, we have not a hundred scribbling sycophants to join their spongy breath in puffing every spark into a star, but we have one or two pens which put more genuine criticism into a line than any of the cockney ones into an article.

To say that a new play, afraid to face criticism, whose feebleness is a notorious disgrace to journalism, is tried on the provinces as on a *corpus vile*, is a happy example of that London Assurance which we lately remarked upon. The idea of a dramatic author being frightened of London, yet not of provincial, criticism, is too funny to be seriously contemplated; but we quite seriously warn the *Daily News* against including Manchester amongst its *corpera vilia*.

We were wrong about Mr. Charles Dickens, junior. He is a contributor to the series of papers in *All the Year Round*, of which the article in the Alhambra formed one, but the writer of that description, it appears, was Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

An unusual but not unwelcome sound has been heard in the Theatre Royal, this week. The new drama, *After Dark*, has been well hissed. We are very glad of it. If applause means anything, an audience is equally entitled, nay, called upon, to express their disapprobation at anything intrinsically worthless or unseemly. Hissing is good for the audience, good for the actors, and good for the dramatists. That the audience has been quite justified in this instance seems to be generally admitted, as even the daily newspapers have plucked up some courage and condemned the piece as a tissue of improbabilities. That an experienced dramatist like Mr. Boucicault, who has certainly written numerous effective dramas, should produce such stuff, is unaccountable ——no, it is not entirely so, for we find that the play has actually had a long run in London, and has again been revived this week at the Princess's Theatre.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give.

Well; be it so. Let Manchester audiences do their duty, both in applauding and hissing, and we welcome the sibillant sounds of this week as a significant omen.

Our readers must have noticed—we trust they did not buy—a Christmas production in the worst possible taste, which unblushingly appropriated as its title the invention of a stranger, and called itself the *Girl of the Period Almanack*. Sufficiently different from the literature of Holywell-street to introduce itself into respectable families, and sufficiently similar to it to secure for its unsavoury self a large circulation, nothing could, to our mind, be more artistically repulsive than its consummately bad taste. It has had a sale of a quarter of a million. Encouraged by its success, its unblushing concocters have started a serial, under the inexpressibly wretched title of the *Girl of the Period Miscellany*. Those of our readers who accidentally bought (and of course burnt) the *Almanack*, we need not warn against the *Miscellany*. Indeed, we do not think we need fear that any of our readers whatever will procure it. But that such a serial should be started is a significant fact. Where do the advocates of the public put their faces, when facts like this are flung in them?

Easter has brought us back our M.P.'s, who have beaten the swallows this year, and who quite rival those migratory little favourites in the gayness of their plumage. It is astonishing what a metamorphosis has taken place in the outward man of some of our senators, owing to the sartorial resources which they have called to their assistance. We accept this as a graceful compliment to their constituents, and we are sure that both Stalybridge and Drogheda will appreciate it. The get-up generally is unexceptionable. It is not every M.P. who can afford to wear a shocking bad hat like that the Marquis of Salisbury used to sport, when he was in the Lower House, and few commoners dare clothe themselves like Lord Redesdale, in the costume and shoes of a day waiter. Mr. H. Wigan (not the actor, but the M.P.) always was a prodigious swell, and this week he has been looking as well as ever. He resembles a stalwart Life Guardsman more than a cotton spinner. Mr. W. is not so fond of speaking as some of our newly-fledged swallows —we mean M.P.'s—appear to be, but he is worth looking at, and that is something. Justice Blackburn, after consulting with his brother judges, has decided that the petitioners against the return of Messrs. Platt and Hibbert, for Oldham, must pay the costs on both sides. We can cordially sympathise with Mr. Hibbert on the disagreeable duty which he had to perform last Monday, as Chairman of the Visiting Justices, in witnessing the execution of the murderer at the prison in Strangeways. Mr. E. K. Hornby, and Mr. H. M. Fielden, have been returned for Blackburn in place of their fathers, who were unseated. If Mr. E. K. Hornby sticks to his work in the House, as well as he does with the hounds, and in the cricket field, his constituents will have no reason to repent of their choice.

CROSSING SWORDS WITH H.M.'S INNISKILLINGS.

I.—THE OPENING.

We are going to take the reader to the Hulme Cavalry Barracks. It is Monday, March 29th. Time—1 p.m. Scene—the Barrack Yard. There is a goodly gathering of soldiers and civilians—the former belonging to H.M.'s Inniskilling Dragoons; the latter, guests like ourselves. We are all collected round a tolerably large space of ground, covered with straw, and kept clear for a certain performance which we have met together to witness. Said performance is the trial for Best Swordsman among the Inniskillings.

There are eight men to compete for this rank. We say rank, for such it is. The winner will receive threepence a-day, for the next year, in addition to his pay. He will wear upon his sleeve a pair of gold swords, crossed, surmounted by a crown, also in gold. He will receive a handsome riding-whip, presented by the officers. He will also be regarded as the champion swordsman of the regiment, for twelve calendar months. At the end of that time he must earn the distinction again, even as he is going to do now.

These eight competitors have been chosen in no arbitrary or capricious fashion. Each man is the best swordsman of his troop. A series of troop-contests have been going on in the Riding School, during the last few days, under the management of a committee composed of three officers of the regiment. The men have been pitted against each other, man against man, victor against victor, after the fashion of a chess tournament. Each of these eight men, now on horseback before us, has vanquished all competitors in his troop, and is already entitled to an extra twopence a-day, and the gold cross-swords, *without* the crown, for a year to come.* Each oue is the champion of his troop. We are about to witness a contest wherein all are victors, and all rewarded already. The only final difference between them will be, that the victor will resign his *troop* championship to assume the prouder title of *regimental* champion, to receive another penny a-day, and to add the gold crown to his (already won) cross-swords.

As to the nature of the contest, it may best be described as a single-stick encounter on horseback. The men wear the same curious and unwieldly-looking helmets, of leather and iron, with wire-work before the face, as are ordinarily used by single-stick players. Their weapons are the ordinary sticks with basket hilts. These sticks are plentifully and continually chalked, down to their very points, so that every successful cut, or thrust, leaves a tell-tale mark upon the scarlet jacket of the soldier who receives it. Each such mark scores one for the giver. Two out of three hits decide the contest in each case.

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cabman's wife, Eliza—the only satisfactory part in the piece—with considerable grace and feeling, but we almost think that we are inclined to be of opinion that we hardly like her somewhat grunty style of sobbing—at least she does rather too much of it. We lose patience with everlasting weeping and fainting. But what can a poor girl do with Mr. Boucicault's dialogue? Mr. Righton plays the Jew, Dicey Morris, with that ability which he has taught us to expect from him; Mr. Everill walks through a spooney part which gives him no scope at all, and wanders under dry arches at midnight in his irreproachable white waistcoat—emblem of the immaculate purity of the heart beneath it, but somewhat unseasonable. Mr. Barsby makes a sufficiently bad-looking heavy villain. Altogether, the piece is well done: but the music-hall scene should be much curtailed, and the railway train should get its speed up before coming on the stage. This silly sensation will no doubt amuse the holiday makers, and, after a little practice, will not come into collision with the proscenium.

THE BANK CLERK TO HIS BI-CYCLE.

My beautiful! my bi-cycle! and must I say good-bye
Unto thy slim circumferences, thy profile smart and spry.
Thou ne'er again with me mayest spin, *that spill* has done the deed—
I dare not mount thee any more—thou'rt sold, Velocipede!
No more to me remains the joy to tread thy circling wheel—
The steadier now thou trundlest on, the smaller I shall feel;
Another's form must on thee perch—thy price this hand will hold;
Turn-out uniqne, but whimsical, my bi-cycle, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those firm, well-tired rounds, along shall swiftly flee
To Broughton, Stretford, Cheetham Hill, or haply Didsburee;
Some hand more deft perchance than mine will safely steer thy course,
Defiant of those tyrants stern, the members of "The Force."
Each morn will bring its *quantum suff.* of figures, facts, and sums,
But thou wilt be far, far away before to-morrow comes;
And when from desk and docketting the evening sets me free,
The plodding and prosaic 'bus must take me home to tea.

[The editorial prerogative has here been reluctantly exercised, and three stanzas cut out.]

* * * * * when last I oiled thy springs!

When last I oiled thy springs! Ya-ha! the brief delusion's o'er:
I'd rather fifty croppers get, than see thee never-more!
They taunted me, my bi-cycle! with banter rude and rough;
They chaffed me, my Velocipede! but—shall I be the muff
Through ridicule to part from thee? Who says I am dismayed?
It isn't true, my bi-cycle! We'll show them who's afraid!
Thus, *thus*, again I thee bestride, and let him laugh who wins;
Away! and—oh, confound it all, I've broken both my shins!

RATHER EXASPERATING.

To send your servant ill of fever to the infirmary, pay the necessary fees, and have him or her returned on your hands infected with small-pox.

To confide your love-affairs and hopes to an intimate friend, and find afterwards that said friend has, all the while, been cutting you out in the same quarter.

To read in the newspapers that money is so cheap and abundant that it is "quite a drug," when you cannot manage to raise a shilling.

To return home to dinner fagged and hungry, and find that the mistress of the house has gone to attend a meeting for the promotion of "women's rights," and forgotten to order any.

To be informed that your last dozen of rare old port, on which your mind has dwelt with satisfaction for some time, has been used up for sauces, negus, and other odds and ends.

To go by invitation to a formal dinner party, and find on arrival that it took place on the day previous.

To enter a railway station on most important business, and witness the train, by which you ought to have travelled, in the act of leaving it.

To resign your seat in the omnibus to a lady who could afford to pay for a coach and four, if she chose, get thoroughly drenched, and catch a severe cold in consequence.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

OBSERVATION has informed us that it is chiefly girls and ladies who support the little crossing-sweeping nuisances in and about St. Ann's Square. We are not going to quarrel with creation. We suppose it is for the best that women exist, but when we see how persistently they patronise and encourage everything that is mischievous and wrong, it is impossible to help thinking that the point is arguable.

We once had a newsroom in Manchester. Would it not pay to establish another? The Athenæum is a very good one, but many a person would pay a penny for a reference to yesterday's paper, who does not feel inclined to walk all the way to that worthy institution, and take out a quarter's ticket. We are sure some central place, where files of all the papers are kept, would be a public boon, and surely such an establishment ought to pay. If, however, Kaye's gave up for want of patronage, that disposes of the matter.

After incredible delay, and years of discomfort to those whose duties call upon them to pass through St. Ann's Street, the Corporation have at last paved that thoroughfare with good stone sets. For years this street has been little better than a muddy puddle, all but impassable after wet weather. We welcome the change. An obstacle to keeping a deposit account at Heywood's Bank is now removed.

The velocipede mania having broken out here with alarming violence, we commend it to Captain Palin's coercive care. A mad dog can be avoided, because he runs straight; but a mad man (on a rantoon) runs anything but straight, and when he meanders along the footpath at the rate of ten miles an hour, he becomes a dangerous nuisance. If babies want to be wheeled along the footpath, they must go in perambulators, and not on velocipedes.

We would commend to the attention of everybody the address of the new Rector of St. Andrew's. Particularly is it suited to the many infatuated persons who believe so strongly in our universities. The popular faith in the advantages of a university training is simply a bigotry. What advantages it has are rather social than scholastic. Nobody of the least intelligence and information thinks one whit the more of a man's mental attainments because he is a Master of Arts. In fact, one scarcely ever meets with an educated ass who isn't one. The real benefit a degree confers is that of letting people know that so much money has been spent on your education. Reverence for a university training is only one form of the universal worship of gold. Whether this small and rather pitiful advantage is worth three years of time, a large sum of money, and losing one's start in life, is a question which many sensible young men will answer in the negative.

In its notice of Mr. Robertson's new play, *Dreams*, experimentally produced in Liverpool, prior to its appearance in London, the *Daily News* comments on the growing custom of first trying new pieces on the provinces, as on a *corpus vile*. Whether Liverpool likes being considered a *corpus vile*, we cannot say; but it is well for the critical reputation of the *Daily News* that it did not expressly apply that term to Manchester. From this little expression it is obvious that the new dramatic critic of that journal is afflicted with the old fallacy, which we have so often attempted to explode, of believing the superiority of London over provincial audiences. So far as Manchester is concerned, the advantage of producing a piece there is rather that the author may have the benefit of its opinion, than that he may use it as a *corpus vile*. Further, the *Daily News* remarks, that a piece gets much less criticised in the provinces. Well, it is our function to speak for our own town alone, and to it the remark is inapplicable. We should like the *Daily News* to ask Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Byron, Mr. Phillips, and even Mr. Robertson, if they ever met with so much plain-spoken criticism in London as in Manchester. True, we have not a hundred scribbling sycophants to join their spongy breath in puffing every spark into a star, but we have one or two pens which put more genuine criticism into a line than any of the cockney ones into an article.

To say that a new play, afraid to face criticism, whose feebleness is a notorious disgrace to journalism, is tried on the provinces as on a *corpus vile*, is a happy example of that London Assurance which we lately remarked upon. The idea of a dramatic author being frightened of London, yet not of provincial, criticism, is too funny to be seriously contemplated; but we quite seriously warn the *Daily News* against including Manchester amongst its *corpera vilia*.

We were wrong about Mr. Charles Dickens, junior. He is a contributor to the series of papers in *All the Year Round*, of which the article in the Alhambra formed one, but the writer of that description, it appears, was Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

An unusual but not unwelcome sound has been heard in the Theatre Royal, this week. The new drama, *After Dark*, has been well hissed. We are very glad of it. If applause means anything, an audience is equally entitled, nay, called upon, to express their disapprobation at anything intrinsically worthless or unseemly. Hissing is good for the audience, good for the actors, and good for the dramatists. That the audience has been quite justified in this instance seems to be generally admitted, as even the daily newspapers have plucked up some courage and condemned the piece as a tissue of improbabilities. That an experienced dramatist like Mr. Boucicault, who has certainly written numerous effective dramas, should produce such stuff, is unaccountable ——no, it is not entirely so, for we find that the play has actually had a long run in London, and has again been revived this week at the Princess's Theatre.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give.

Well; be it so. Let Manchester audiences do their duty, both in applauding and hissing, and we welcome the sibillant sounds of this week as a significant omen.

Our readers must have noticed—we trust they did not buy—a Christmas production in the worst possible taste, which unblushingly appropriated as its title the invention of a stranger, and called itself the *Girl of the Period Almanack*. Sufficiently different from the literature of Holywell-street to introduce itself into respectable families, and sufficiently similar to it to secure for its unsavoury self a large circulation, nothing could, to our mind, be more artistically repulsive than its consummately bad taste. It has had a sale of a quarter of a million. Encouraged by its success, its unblushing concocters have started a serial, under the inexpressibly wretched title of the *Girl of the Period Miscellany*. Those of our readers who accidentally bought (and of course burnt) the *Almanack*, we need not warn against the *Miscellany*. Indeed, we do not think we need fear that any of our readers whatever will procure it. But that such a serial should be started is a significant fact. Where do the advocates of the public put their faces, when facts like this are flung in them?

Easter has brought us back our M.P.'s, who have beaten the swallows this year, and who quite rival those migratory little favourites in the gayness of their plumage. It is astonishing what a metamorphosis has taken place in the outward man of some of our senators, owing to the sartorial resources which they have called to their assistance. We accept this as a graceful compliment to their constituents, and we are sure that both Stalybridge and Drogheda will appreciate it. The get-up generally is unexceptionable. It is not every M.P. who can afford to wear a shocking bad hat like that the Marquis of Salisbury used to sport, when he was in the Lower House, and few commoners dare clothe themselves like Lord Redesdale, in the costume and shoes of a day waiter. Mr. H. Wigan (not the actor, but the M.P.) always was a prodigious swell, and this week he has been looking as well as ever. He resembles a stalwart Life Guardsman more than a cotton spinner. Mr. W. is not so fond of speaking as some of our newly-fledged swallows —we mean M.P.'s—appear to be, but he is worth looking at, and that is something. Justice Blackburn, after consulting with his brother judges, has decided that the petitioners against the return of Messrs. Platt and Hibbert, for Oldham, must pay the costs on both sides. We can cordially sympathise with Mr. Hibbert on the disagreeable duty which he had to perform last Monday, as Chairman of the Visiting Justices, in witnessing the execution of the murderer at the prison in Strangeways. Mr. E. K. Hornby, and Mr. H. M. Fielden, have been returned for Blackburn in place of their fathers, who were unseated. If Mr. E. K. Hornby sticks to his work in the House, as well as he does with the hounds, and in the cricket field, his constituents will have no reason to repent of their choice.

CROSSING SWORDS WITH H.M.'S INNISKILLINGS.

I.—THE OPENING.

WE are going to take the reader to the Hulme Cavalry Barracks. It is Monday, March 29th. Time—1 p.m. Scene—the Barrack Yard. There is a goodly gathering of soldiers and civilians—the former belonging to H.M.'s Inniskilling Dragoons; the latter, guests like ourselves. We are all collected round a tolerably large space of ground, covered with straw, and kept clear for a certain performance which we have met together to witness. Said performance is the trial for Best Swordsman among the Inniskillings.

There are eight men to compete for this rank. We say rank, for such it is. The winner will receive threepence a-day, for the next year, in addition to his pay. He will wear upon his sleeve a pair of gold swords, crossed, surmounted by a crown, also in gold. He will receive a handsome riding-whip, presented by the officers. He will also be regarded as the champion swordsman of the regiment, for twelve calendar months. At the end of that time he must earn the distinction again, even as he is going to do now.

These eight competitors have been chosen in no arbitrary or capricious fashion. Each man is the best swordsman of his troop. A series of troop-contests have been going on in the Riding School, during the last few days, under the management of a committee composed of three officers of the regiment. The men have been pitted against each other, man against man, victor against victor, after the fashion of a chess tournament. Each of these eight men, now on horseback before us, has vanquished all competitors in his troop, and is already entitled to an extra twopence a-day, and the gold cross-swords, *without* the crown, for a year to come.* Each one is the champion of his troop. We are about to witness a contest wherein all are victors, and all rewarded already. The only final difference between them will be, that the victor will resign his *troop* championship to assume the prouder title of *regimental* champion, to receive another penny a-day, and to add the gold crown to his (already won) cross-swords.

As to the nature of the contest, it may best be described as a single-stick encounter on horseback. The men wear the same curious and unwieldly-looking helmets, of leather and iron, with wire-work before the face, as are ordinarily used by single-stick players. Their weapons are the ordinary sticks with basket hilts. These sticks are plentifully and continually chalked, down to their very points, so that every successful cut, or thrust, leaves a tell-tale mark upon the scarlet jacket of the soldier who receives it. Each such mark scores one for the giver. Two out of three hits decide the contest in each case.

So much for preliminaries! Now for the trial! The eight competitors are drawn up in line on the opposite side of the straw-covered square; the Colonel calls out the names of two of them. They ride forward, and take up their positions at opposite corners. "Charge!" and they spur forward, and meet in the centre of the enclosure. Crack! crack! There is collision of sticks,—hit and counter-hit,—wheeling of horses,—no little rearing and plunging; all over in a couple of seconds. They have passed one another, and are several yards apart. Ah! there is a white mark on the shoulder of this one to the left. The Colonel and another mounted officer ride up to him. *Habet!* "One for Baldwin," sings out the Colonel. Private Baldwin has given the first hit, and scored one towards victory.

More chalk to the sticks. A ready comrade brushes the tell-tale mark from Private Butler's shoulder. "Are you ready?" "Charge!" There is a second spurring forward, a second meeting,—more prancing, curvetting, and cutting. The riders separate, wheel round, and meet again. There! Baldwin has caught it this time. So has Butler! The

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one on the arm; the other, again, on the shoulder. The score stands as before. This second encounter goes for nothing.

Not so the third. This time Butler thrusts well home under Baldwin's sword-arm, and leaves a long white mark upon the latter's side. The excitement increases. They are even now. Once more, "Charge!" Butler is flurried, and strikes too soon. He misses his man. His stick whirls round in empty air, and, before he can recover his guard, Baldwin has delivered his thrust, and got well home,—a decided, unmistakable hit, full on the body. There is a small round white spot left on the unlucky Butler's jacket. Enough. The Colonel announces that Private Baldwin has won. "Corporal Mc Kee and Private Mc Courtey." Two more competitors ride into the arena. They have one encounter; and then the Colonel addresses himself to the spectators, and informs them that, owing to the straw being slippery for the horses, he has decided on adjourning to the Riding School. We return devout thanks, for it is bitter cold work standing out in the east wind which blows across the barrack yard, as if it had a peculiar grudge against the whole proceeding. There is a general stampede. Colonel, officers, competitors, soldiers, civilians,—all move off in a body. We go with the rest, and, though the Riding School is inconveniently crowded, it proves a decided change for the better. The spectators huddle together against the walls. The long area of the Riding School is kept clear. Mc Kee and Mc Courtey take their places, one at each end, and the contests recommence. Mc Kee proves an easy victor. Judging from the remarks around us, he is first favourite of the eight,—a remarkably cool, scientific swordsman; also the best carbine shot in the regiment.

The duel which follows is a regular cut-and-slash affair;—hammer and tongs,—little science but plenty of hitting. In the first round, Private Gainey delivers a cut upon Corporal Pooley's helmet which resounds through the Riding School, and would assuredly go far towards cleaving the Corporal's head, if the stick were sword, and the helmet of regulation pattern. As it is, the stick breaks into two pieces. Great applause! In the next encounter, the Corporal has the best of it. In the third, he receives a home thrust, but the white mark shows only below the waist. It is no hit,—contrary to rule. After the fourth meeting they each show a tell-tale mark; but, in the fifth and last, the Corporal has his revenge, and visits his opponent's helmet with a vigorous blow, which wins him the victory. We take a fancy to the Corporal. He is a sturdy, cut-and-come-again sort of customer,—a John Bull swordsman, who would be just the fellow for another Balaclava.

A long and nicely-contested series of struggles ensue between Corporal Ayres and Private Maddock. We notice that they seldom cut. It is all thrust and parry. There are no long white marks made now, only white spots, more difficult to discern, but none the less decisive. After some half dozen encounters, Corporal Ayres remains the victor.

So end the first ties. The list of competitors is reduced to four,—Corporals Mc Kee, Pooley, and Ayres, and Private Baldwin. The first two for choice. Judgment for Mc Kee. Inclination for Pooley. And now for the real tug of war.

ACTING A CHARADE,

THE other night, a London *litterateur* had a party at his house, at which, among other guests, were a very smart man, and a man who is generally accounted stupid. Charades had been going on for some time, when the smart man said to the stupid one,—"We'll give the next." Pleased at the possibility of being thus associated with smartness, Stupid agreed, but hoped he would not have much to do. "Oh, no," said the smart man, "you will only have to enter looking as if you were going somewhere, and then I will join you, ask a question, and all will be over." Stupid wanted some further explanation, but there was no time. He went in, felt rather queer when he saw all the assembled guests staring at him, and would certainly have become queerer if the smart man had not rushed up to him, saying, "How do, Doctor?" Stupid stood, mumbled something or other, and was then dragged out of the room by his partner in the charade. He was assured that he had done very well, and that the charade was really over. "It must be a little word then, only one syllable, I suppose." Smart told him he was mistaken, it was a big word, and had six syllables. Stupid couldn't see that it was "Metaphysician."

A MORNING WITH THE UNITARIANS.

THE REV. WM. HERFORD.

TO the student of human nature, who seeks to know the varied forms in which religious beliefs find outward expression, there are quiet nooks and corners among the churches and chapels of our city to which he may direct his steps, with results both pleasant and profitable. After the glitter and pomp of ritualistic services, and the feverish excitement of the crowds that gather about popular preachers, the tranquil rest of a quiet sanctuary, out of the reach of these disturbing influences, produces upon the mind of the worshipper something of that feeling which the mild-eyed, melancholy lotos-eaters experienced, when they came upon a land in which it seemed always afternoon. We know of no place of worship more calculated to produce this effect than the Unitarian Chapel in Upper Brook Street. Standing in its iron-railed enclosure, with a margin of grass border about it, in its general architectural features it is a perfect model of retired and refined elegance. Pass by it as often as you may on Sundays, you will see no crowds thronging its portals. Now and then a carriage may be seen at its doors, contributing some wealthy worshipper to its congregation, but so few and far between are those who enter it, that it would almost appear to be a private chapel rather than a place for public worship. It was erected thirty years ago, from designs furnished by Sir Chas. Barry, at a cost of between eight and nine thousand pounds. It is of stone, and is built in the lancet, or early English style of architecture. The entrance is formed by a lofty arch, deeply recessed, ornamented with light shafts with foliaged capitals. This frontal arch is very beautiful in its proportions and arrangements, and is only marred in its effect by the consciousness, in the mind of the beholder, that it is to some extent an architectural sham, a shell-work of deeply recessed stone being made to convey an idea of thickness of wall which does not belong to the building. The interior arrangements are very elegant. The ceiling is arched, and along three sides is placed a light gallery, the dark woodwork of which is pleasantly relieved with warm crimson. The pews are neat and comfortable, and are divided by two aisles. Lancet windows at the sides, and a wheel window at the east end, afford sufficient and cheerful light. Under the wheel window is placed a handsome pulpit, flanked by two reading desks, and opposite these, in the gallery, is a small but sweet-toned organ. Two tablets are placed beneath the gallery, one to the memory of Mr. George William Wood, once M.P. for Kendal, a gentleman whose name was intimately associated with the commercial and political interests of this city, and who died suddenly in the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society. In recording his virtues, the inscription on the tablet goes on to say that "in politics he was a whig, and a firm supporter of Mr. Pitt."

The City Directory informs us that worship is commenced at this chapel in the morning of Sunday at half-past ten o'clock. If this be correct, we must conclude, from the experience of our visit, that the members of the congregation are not very punctual; for, presenting ourselves at that time, we found, in addition to the kind and friendly doorkeeper, one other individual present, apparently a stranger like ourselves. During the next fifteen minutes which elapsed before the minister entered the desk, and afterwards during the service, the members of the congregation leisurely strayed in, until some sixty were scattered about the pews.

Perhaps a wild March morning might in some measure account for this scanty congregation, but we suspect that at best it is rarely much larger. Unitarianism cannot be considered popular in Manchester. Whether this arises

from the fact that it appeals more to reason and intellectual culture than faith, or that some of its peculiarities of doctrine are not acceptable to the majority, we know not; but it does not appear to keep pace with other sects in the matter of proselytism. Among its members, not a few are men of wealth and culture; these from time to time move their residences beyond the city's boundaries, but still retain their seats in the chapels in which they have been accustomed to worship. From the number of books with the owners' names thereon, ranged before vacant seats, which we remarked here, we imagine it is the case with this chapel.

The tone and character of the service were in keeping with the congregation and place. The organ poured its sweet subdued voluntary through the more than half-deserted building; the choir, limited in number, but select in its choice of music, sang the hymns, and chanted the required responses, with little assistance from the congregation. A form of service, arranged somewhat after the manner of the Church of England, was conducted from the reading desk by the Rev. William Herford. This gentleman possesses little elocutionary power, and is, besides, somewhat deficient in his articulation, but there is an entire absence of affectation in his manner, and a quiet, serious, and impressive tone in his somewhat plaintive voice, that amply compensates for any other deficiencies. To preach his sermon, he left the reading desk and ascended the pulpit. Of this discourse we have not much to say, and of the doctrinal inferences to be drawn from it, nothing whatever. Sermons are as varied in their character and expression as the faces of those who preach them. This one was consistent with the preacher's bearing, inasmuch as it was earnest and unassuming. We felt, while listening to it, that we were being spoken to by a gentleman of considerable culture, who said what he had to say in a quiet, unpretentious manner. Though you can no more pretend to gauge a preacher's intellectual power by one sermon, than you can decide upon a man's mental calibre by one conversation, yet from both you may gain sufficient to give you a general impression of the tone and bearing of the speaker's mind. If we are not mistaken, the Rev. W. Herford is not a superficial thinker. There were sentences in his sermon that were suggestive of deep and earnest thought, and these were all the more significant in being dropped at random, and without any studied effect. We know not in what respects the reverend gentleman differs from his ministerial brethren of other sects, in doctrinal views, regarding the great founder of Christianity, but there was a great deal of practical Christian exhortation in his discourse. Selecting an incident in Christ's life for a text to exhort his hearers to take Christ's spirit into their hearts, he showed how motives were the true tests of action, and the highest achievements were those which resulted from a sense of Christian duty. In a fine peroration he pointed out how this duty might be performed, with a calm and confident strength, unruffled and unshaken by the joys or sorrows of life. We have heard worse sermons to much larger congregations, and we trust that if, in his limited gathering of hearers, he should "fit audience find though few," such discourses as the one we heard may accomplish their purpose, by "leaving upon the silent shore of memory thoughts that shall never die."

BEAR-DANCING.

A briefless barrister says that if he were a magistrate, and the proprietor of a dancing bear were brought before him, and charged with cruelty, or anything else, he should ask the prosecutor what was the use of Bruin without hops?

GLIMPSES FROM THE "SECOND COLUMN."

A PERSON who happens to be endowed with an irrepressible curiosity in the personal affairs of his neighbours is not necessarily the happiest of human creatures. A compassionate soul, blest, or curst (it is not easy to characterise the endowment correctly) with an absorbing sympathy with every fellow-mortal in this poor planet, and, with that fellow-mortal's history and experiences, is occasionally exposed to a great deal of perplexity and disappointment. As the song has it, he has "a heart to feel for another," but he doesn't always know how much to feel for him. He cannot withhold his sympathy, if he would, and yet he is unwilling that it should be thrown away, or scattered with improper prodigality. He thinks, with Bob Acres in the comedy, that "it is a pity that so much good passion should be wasted." The sympathetic soul is especially exercised by such glimpses of the joys and sorrows of humanity as find their way, almost daily, into the newspapers. How, for instance, ought he to regulate his feelings in relation to the following announcement:

Heard nothing: God bless you, old Boy. Tears fill my eyes; my best wishes are yours. *Humanum est errare.* F.

"F" on the face of it is a gushing philosopher, who is not unacquainted with the frailty of mankind. "F" is of a lachromose disdosition,—"tears fill my eyes." You see his very pocket handkerchief; cambric it may be; or more probably a bandana. A bandana by all means for a gentleman who knows the world so well as "F," and who has as it were both tears and laughter in his voice at the same moment. Then again, the jolly character of his piety deserves attention. "God bless you, old boy." You may, "with the mind's eye, Horatio," see "F" with uplifted hand, in a semi-episcopal attitude, the other hand bearing an imaginary crozier, invoking a benediction on his correspondent, and when he comes to the endearing epithet "Old Boy," you see his manner become suddenly familiar and facetious, and, poking him affectionately on the ribs, he finishes the sentence gaily. Bnt what does "Heard nothing" mean? One wonders what "F's" delightful acquaintance has been doing—or leaving undone? Is no news good news, as the proverb has it? To say to a friend in two lines of a newspaper that it is human to err, and that he has heard nothing, implies on the part of "F," we fear, the possession of an uncomfortable secret. It cannot be an elopement surely? An embezzlement perhaps? Has "F's" friend emigrated precipitately? If it is felony, "F" wont want his friend back again, and yet, being uuder an obligation to him before his expulsion from the paradise of honest men, he hates to seem ungrateful, and therefore advertises a reassurance. To an exceedingly sympathetic person, the provoking uncertainty about the actual story, of which this little paragraph affords an infinitessimal inkling, is simply intolerable.

Again, are you expected to congratulate or to condole with the Treasurer or the other person concerned in the following paragraph:—

The Treasurer of the Royal Infirmary begs to acknowledge the receipt of 3s. in postage stamps, from a Misrepresented Gorger!

Who is the Gorger? and who has been guilty of the refined *diablerie* of misrepresenting him? Is the gorger a gentleman who habitually devours his victuals in a gluttonous and hog-like fashion, or who makes a ravenous noise over his meals, like Dr. Johnson? To misrepresent anybody addicted to such a habit as this, would be simply to say that he didn't do it. The M. G. would hardly quarrel with that kind of misrepresentation, surely. But why in the name of all the mysteries should a misrepresented gorger trouble the Treasurer of the Royal Infirmary with a donation of three shillings in postage stamps, stipulating apparently that about three-quarters of the sum shall be invested in an advertisement to publish his—what? Contrition or munificence? Stay! Has this persecuted gorger been making himself so replete with animal food that he has had to undergo a surgical operation,—a kind of *accouchement* of the stomach, or intestinal canal, and he sends tenpennyworth of postage stamps to maintain so excellent an Institution as the Royal Infirmary on its serviceable legs? Obviously the difficulty experienced in this case by a person with a heart in his bosom is this,—who is he to be sorry for, and how sorry is he to be?

Further, what is to be the moral attitude of a sympathising public towards "J. F.," who is addressed as follows:—

When M. H. believed you to be the soul of truth and of honour, she had a sincere regard for you. Adieux.

Does M. H. cherish an inaccessible ideal of what "the soul of truth and honour" is, or has J. F. been really naughty? It looks like another version of Lydia Languish and Captain Absolute.

One wonders "If William H., lately from America, will write to the Post Office for Minnie W.," how "he will oblige her." Give her some information of a wandering lover, perhaps. Or if "Minnies" ever *do* grow old, which is unlikely, Minnie H. may be a matron—"the mother of the Grachhi,"—in point of fact. The Grachhi may have gone to the wars, and their bones be whitening at this hour on depopulated Savannahs, within the sounding dirge of mighty American waters. We know such a mother in England, waiting for news over the great ocean. It can hardly be hoped that the news—glad or ghastly, will ever come now.

And thus these broken stories, half-told in two lines of newspaper type, set us a-thinking how the world wags, and what matter there is around us all, revealed in the most familiar shapes, for the tears and laughter of those who love their kind.

GOOD FRIDAY ON THE BOWDON LINE.

FEW large towns are so entirely destitute of internal resources for holiday seasons as Manchester. Choice of the way of spending such a festive day as Good Friday, to those who are not inclined to occupy themselves with their devotions, is exceedingly limited. Among the most popular places are, to a modest class of pleasure-seekers, Bowdon and its concomitant, Dunham Park. Their convenience of access, and the consequent cheapness of the journey, which put them within the reach of the humblest, have no doubt something to do with the affection with which these places have long been regarded. Recently, however, there have been symptoms that this popularity is to some extent on the wane. The opening out of such places as Knutsford and Northwich, probably robs Bowdon of some who would otherwise visit it. And a dispute which some little time ago arose, as to the right of way along a certain footpath leading from the Hall to the Manchester Road, may possibly have been misunderstood, and caused careless observers to imagine that the right of the public to enter the Park was in dispute.

Notwithstanding this, and the fact that there are other means of conveyance than by the rail, the visitors who prefer that speedy mode of transit are numerous enough to make the day a very unusual one on the Bowdon Line. During the whole day the state of feeling, and things generally on the Line, are utterly abnormal. The trains no longer run with exact punctuality, but appear to run when they please, without any scruple as to time or order. The regular passengers are altogether absent, and their place is taken by travellers of an order entirely different. If the early expresses from Bowdon run at all, it is not for the convenience of contractors hurrying to reach business. For on this day perspiring mortals no longer burst down the hill with the speed of despair. No longer do the successful in that wild chase enter the station with looks of conscious virtue and cleverness on their faces, or the unsuccessful glare darkly indignant at the sniggering station-master, and feel an overwhelming anxiety to wreak pugilistic and personal vengeance upon him. The station-masters generally assume an air of great importance, which is changed towards night into the aspect of overworked and ill-used individuals, who have sacrified themselves, and all that is dear in life, to an overweening sense of duty. At Oxford Road, the head authority bemoans the loss of his favourite occupation. Ordinarily, his chief delight consists in helping, with all politeness, unprotected ladies from the awkwardly high carriages. The guards, in a body, assume their third-class air, and employ the stern and severe tone which, on every-day occasions, they are apt to reserve exclusively for obstreperous people who use the cheapest carriages. The Manchester end of the Line first feels the excitement. At Oxford Road and Old Trafford stations the bustle is greatest. Among the officials at the former place the great trial of the time appears to be to make people understand the difference between the Knutsford and the Bowdon carriages. Old Trafford alters its character marvellously. Instead of the usual implacability in the matter of showing tickets, the utmost laxity prevails. On ordinary occasions, a third-class passenger in a first-class carriage would be regarded as an enormity too great for scorn. On Good Friday, all manner of irregularities of the sort are rampant, which are neither observed nor corrected. At Sale or Brooklands, some leave the train, with an eye, it is to be presumed, to the beauties which surround Moorfield Gardens. Others straggle away at Altrincham, with a charming uncertainty as to future movements. Bowdon is, however, the favourite locality, and the Park the ultimate resting place.

The return journey is noisier and more boisterous. The primness which showed itself in garb and manner has disappeared under the influence of romping. Jollity and music of the roughest kind reign supreme. Owing to the fact that the numbers which have been arriving from early morning to late afternoon are for the most part moved with a desire to return within the space of two or three hours, the crush is much greater. Formerly, the people were allowed to run riot, and become masters of the situation, much to their own danger and the inconvenience of everybody concerned. But, warned by fatal experience, the aid of barricades and policemen has been called in. The wildest ideas of the capacity of the carriages seems to prevail, many compartments being wonderfully laden. This is manifestly disagreeable to those who are waiting at Sale, expecting seats and often finding none. The genial station-master must find it extremely difficult to persuade those who are left that there will be another train in a few minutes. Very tired and dusty the people reach home again, not a few of them having lost or mislaid their tickets, to the infinite disgust of impatient porters and ticket collectors at Old Trafford.

A NEW EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEAS.

WE have fresh proof that Englishmen are not content to have their claims to first consideration, in all matters affecting our knowledge of the polar seas, set aside by any other nation. Although the Government will not take any steps to organise, or to encourage others in organising, expeditions for purposes of discovery in the high latitudes, private individuals have talked of, and have determined upon, doing something themselves. Next week there will start from the metropolis a little knot of men who are bold enough to spend time, and risk health and life in an attempt to reach the long-sought Open Polar Sea. This expedition has been fitted out by Mr. James Lamont, late M.P. for Bute, and who is known as the author of the interesting book entitled, *Seasons with the Sea Horses*. He has a new steam vessel of 250 tons, called the Diana, and this vessel has been fitted up and stocked in such a way as to make it a model craft for adventuring among icebergs. Mr. Lamont has associated with him Mr. Hamilton Macallum, an artist who is rising into note as a painter of West Coast fishing subjects, and Dr. Smith, an enthusiastic naturalist, who has only recently returned from a whaling expedition. Mr. Smith has had a rather bitter experience of the hardships which he will again encounter, having been locked up in the ice with a whaler's crew for ten months, when his powers of endurance, his British pluck, and his medical skill enabled him to be largely instrumental in saving the lives of half the whaler's crew. The other half, the captain being among them, died of scurvy. Eminent geographers have exhibited considerable interest in the new adventure, and have advised Mr. Lamont and his party to take a north-easterly course from Spitzbergen, instead of following the usual route. By this new direction they will strive to find the Open Polar Sea. Of course nobody could expect a keen sportsman like Mr. Lamont to forego the chance of hunting. He has taken the precaution to engage a band of hunters in Scandinavia, and will no doubt fight a winning battle against his old enemy, the walrus. Mr. Macallum intends making studies of icebergs, and of atmospheric and other phenomena, which will be of great interest to artists and scientific men. Dr. Smith seeks to make collections as a naturalist, and to take his fair share of the sport which may offer. We wish the men God speed, and a safe return.

Real Revival Services.—The Royal Humane Society's efforts for the recovery of persons apparently drowned.

A REMINISCENCE

OF "DAVID GARRICK" AND THE "CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA."

(From the Carols of Cockayne.)

Once upon an evening weary, shortly after Lord Dundreary,
With his quaint and curious humour set the town in such a roar,
With my shilling I stood rapping—only very gently tapping—
For the man in charge was napping—at the money-taker's door.
It was Mr. Buckstone's playhouse, where I lingered at the door;
Paid half-price and nothing more.

Most distinctly I remember, it was just about September—
Though it might have been in August, or it might have been before—
Dreadfully I feared the morrow. Vainly had I sought to borrow;
For (I own it to my sorrow) I was miserably poor,
And the heart is heavy laden when one's miserably poor;
(I have been so once before.)

I was doubtful and uncertain, at the rising of the curtain,
If the piece would prove a novelty, or one I'd seen before;
For a band of robbers drinking in a gloomy cave, and clinking
With their glasses on the table, I had witnessed o'er and o'er;
Since the half-forgotten period of my innocence was o'er;
(Twenty years ago or more.)

Presently my doubt grew stronger, I could stand the thing no longer;
"Miss," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
Pardon my apparent rudeness; would you kindly have the goodness
To inform me if this drama is from Gaul's enlightened shore?"
For I know that plays are often brought us from the Gallic shore;
Adaptations— nothing more!

So I put my question lowly: and my neighbour answered slowly,
"It's a British drama wholly, written quite in days of yore.
'Tis an Andalusian story, of a castle old and hoary,
And the music is delicious, though the dialogue be poor!"
(And I could not help agreeing that the dialogue *was* poor;
Very flat and nothing more.)

But at last a lady entered, and my interest grew center'd
In her figure, and her features, and the costume that she wore,
And the slightest sound she uttered was like music; so I muttered
To my neighbour, "Glance a minute at your play-bill, I implore.
Who's that rare and radiant maiden? Tell, oh tell me! I implore"
Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore!"

Then I asked in quite a tremble—it was useless to dissemble—
"Miss, or Madam, do not trifle with my feelings any more;
Tell me who, then, was the maiden, that appeared so sorrow-laden,
In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the door?"
(With a bust of Julius Cæsar up above the study door.)
Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore!"

* * * * * *

I've her photograph from Lacy's; that delicious little face is
Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),
And often in the nightfalls, when precious little light falls
From the wretched tallow candles on my gloomy second floor,
(For I have not got the gaslight on my gloomy second floor,)
Comes an echo, "Nelly Moore!"

THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Sphinx.

Sir,—I am fortunate, or unfortunate enough, to be a boy at the Grammar School, who have been induced to stay there longer than is usual, in the hope of obtaining a scholarship, and who, if I may say so, at least feel, if I do not show, a desire for work; and, like the younger "Zixo," take home an average number of prizes. I confess, indeed, that so far as the school is concerned, I have no grave doubts of my success, especially as I enjoy the advantage of competing with boys who have been taught under the system of long school-hours, and little or no leisure for study. My hours of attendance are as follows:—

Mornings.	Afternoons.
Mondays.....9 to 12-30	...private study.
Tuesdays ...9 to 12-30	...2-30 to 4-30.
Wednesdays..9 to 1	...half-holiday.
Thursdays ...9 to 12-30	...2-30 to 4-30.
Fridays..10-30 to 12-30	...2-30 to 4-30.
Saturdays...11 to 1	...half-holiday.

thus giving not less than 24½ hours per week actually spent in the school buildings, exclusive of any which may be consumed in the gymnasium, which I seldom enter, and "the other amusements" of which I, though rising 18, have never heard.

That what "Zixo" calls the *old* plan of long hours—by which I understand him to mean "all work and no leisure"—was bad, no one, I believe, thinks of denying, or indeed that the very principle of *our* system is the merging of the school-boy in the student at the earliest practicable period of his career. Is it too much, sir, to expect of a boy whose future depends on his success at the University, that he will avail himself of such leisure as the authorities can conveniently allow him, in something better than walking the streets, or desultory reading?

If your correspondent's account of his own school system is correct, it would be interesting to learn how he used to pass the day up to 6-30 P.M., when his school work used to begin, and at what hour the lessons so carefully prepared over night, were said on the following day. His allusion to the disproportion which he considers to exist between the "pay" (as he calls it) of our masters and the duties they perform, needs no comment for those who know the facts.

Let me add, in conclusion, that the form I belong to spends fewer hours in school per week than any other; that the uniform number of hours per week for all the lower forms is 30, *not* 17½; that if I had another afternoon for private study, I for one should be grateful to the school authorities; and lastly, that the *minimum* time spent every evening in preparation is two hours, *not half-an-hour*, as "Zixo" has it.

By inserting this reply in your next issue, you will set "Zixo's" mind at rest, and oblige yours obediently,

A Grammar School Boy.

Manchester, March 31st, 1869.

TWO EPITAPHS,

BY BISHOP ALEXANDER.

I.

On the Rev. R. H., who died of typhus fever, in Derry Cathedral.

Down through our crowded lanes and closer air,
O Friend! how beautiful thy footsteps were.
When through the fever's waves of fire they trod,
A Form was with thee, like the Son of God.
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day's walk, unto the golden street,
And they who saw that walk, so bright and brief,
Have mark'd this marble with their Hope and Grief.

II.

On the late Captain Boyd, of her Majesty's ship Ajax, drowned at Kingstown, in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Safe from the rocks, whence swept thy manly form
The tide's white rush, the stepping of the storm,
Borne with a public pomp by just decree,
Heroic sailor! from that fatal sea,
A city vows this marble unto thee.
And here, in this calm place, where never din
Of Earth's great water-floods shall enter in,
Where to our human hearts two thoughts are given,—
One Christ's self-sacrifice, the other, Heaven,—
Here is it meet for for Grief and Love to grave
The Christ-taught bravery that died to save,
The life, not lost, but found beneath the wave.

MORE NOTES FROM FROUDE'S ADDRESS.

SERMONS.

Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolic succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never, during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal. The late Bishop Blomfield used to tell a story of his having been once late in life at the University Church at Cambridge, and of having seen a verger there whom he remembered when he was himself an undergraduate. The bishop said he was glad to see him looking so well at such a great age. "Oh yes, my Lord," the fellow said, "I have much to be grateful for. I have heard every sermon which has been preached in this church for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still."

GETTING ON.

An eminent American was once talking to me of the school system in the United States. The boast and glory of it, in his mind, was that every citizen born had a fair and equal start in life. Every one of them knew that he had a chance of becoming President of the Republic, and was spurred to energy by the hope. Here too, you see, is a distinct object. Young Americans are all educated alike. The aim put before them is to get on. They are like runners in a race, set to push and shoulder for the best places; never to rest contented, but to struggle forward in never-ending competition. It has answered its purpose in a new and unsettled country, where the centre of gravity has not yet determined into its place; but I cannot think that such a system as this can be permanent, or that human society, constituted on such a principle, will ultimately be found tolerable. For one thing, the prizes of life, so looked at, are at best but few, and the competitors many. "For myself," said the great Spinoza, "I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession

of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbour's."

AN EQUIPMENT FOR LIFE.

The old apprenticeship was, in my opinion, an excellent system, as the world used to be. The Ten Commandments and a handicraft made a good and wholesome equipment to commence life with. Times are changed. The apprentice plan broke down: partly because it was abused for purposes of tyranny; partly because employers did not care to be burdened with boys whose labour was unprofitable; partly because it opened no road for exceptional clever lads to rise into higher positions; they were started in a groove from which they could never afterwards escape. Yet the original necessities remain unchanged. The Ten Commandments are as obligatory as ever, and practical ability—the being able to do some thing and not merely to answer questions—must still be the backbone of the education of every boy who has to earn his bread by manual labour. The poet Coleridge once said that every man might have two versions of his Bible—one the book that he read, the other the trade that he pursued; he could find perpetual illustrations of every Bible truth in the thoughts which his occupation might open to him. I would say, less fancifully, that every honest occupation to which a man sets his hand would raise him into a philosopher if he mastered all the knowledge that belonged to his craft.

Mr. Chadwick, M.P., in the House.—The *Illustrated London News* evidently does not think very highly of Mr. David Chadwick, now M.P. for Macclesfield, erstwhile borough treasurer of Salford, and still, if we mistake not, a member of the Salford borough Council. "One gentleman," it says, "has set about to take the House by storm, for Mr. Chadwick, the lately chosen of Macclesfield—priding himself on the fact that he is the possessor of seven votes dispersed over all parts of the country, and what he seemed to indicate was a profound study, from a practical point of view, of politics, social life, and the philosophy of finance—set about positively to bully a meek, thin House, which had given him no provocation to be so very dictatorial as he was."

Miss Pauline Markham.—The *New York Sun* is responsible for the following:—Miss Pauline Markham, the brightest star in the constellation of blondes, reappeared at Niblo's on Monday evening, after an absence of some weeks, caused by illness, and received a perfect ovation. The house was densely crowded on the occasion, and the beautiful Captain of the Thieves, on her entrance, was near undergoing the fate of the Roman virgin at the Tarpeian gate, so thick was the shower of floral offerings that descended. The part, like all those in the burlesque of the *Forty Thieves*, offers little room for the exhibition of dramatic talent, but her beautiful presence was in itself a joy, and she imparted a brilliant dash and colour to the picture. Miss Markham is perhaps the most attractive of all that band of British blondes conveyed by Mr. Alexander Henderson to our shores. She is of the very highest school of English beauty, the face being soft and winning, and the fair forehead surmounted by a golden harvest of hair, rising in sheafs of broken sunlight. Her limbs might have been fashioned by Phidias himself. She possesses the advantage, too, of having a rich and powerful voice, and being trained in the very best method. Her return will impart a fresh spring to the run of the *Forty Thieves* at Niblo's.

YANKEEISMS.

"My dear," said a rural wife to her husband, on his return from town, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets in the city?" "The ladies' faces, my love."

The following typographical error shows the vast importance of the comma. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her man, is a brute."

A sign in front of a stage office in Buffalo announces that "stages start from this house for China, Sardinia, Holland, Hamburg, Java, Sweden, Cuba, Havre, Italy, and Pen-Yan."

Chicago has a very creditable ghost sensation. Two men testify to having met the same ghost at different times. They spoke to it, and tried to feel it, but could not do so, although they could see it distinctly. It was seen lying on the Chicago and North-Western Railway track. The train stopped, but it refused to move, although the engineer made every exertion to attract its attention. He left the engine, but when he reached the track in front nothing was to be seen. On returning to his post the ghost was again visible lying across the track. The engineer turned on steam, but now the engine declined to go on. Finally, after ten minutes' detention, the train passed, apparently over the body, and went on its way.

A conductor's duty on the Pacific Railroad involves certain personal risks peculiar to the far West. A gentleman who has recently passed over the road relates a scene he witnessed on one train. The conductor told a rough-looking traveller that he wanted his fare. "The —— you do," was the only answer. The conductor persisted. "Wall, here's my pass," said the traveller, presenting a heavy revolver at the official's head. Another huge fellow interposed at this point, presenting a pistol to his fellow-passenger's temple, with a menacing look. "None of that, stranger, fair play, shell out." This settled the matter, and the fare was paid.

A Tough Case.—In Arkansas, Elder Knapp, while baptising converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful-looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on, remarked: "Elder, I don't want to interfere in this yere business any, but I want to say that is an old sinner you have got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

SOMETHING LIKE A THEATRE.

A Correspondent, who endorses our remarks in last week's number, on the discomfort of the Manchester Theatres, sends us the following account from the *New York Home Journal*, of the way they manage things in America.

The new California Theatre, in San Francisco, must be little less than a paradise for play-goers, judging more especially from the description of the seats in its parquette and dress circle. There are gothic chairs, with high-carved backs of polished California laurel-wood, and hair and spring seats, covered with solferino leather, and ornamented with white boss nails. These chairs have no legs, but are secured to a raised bench, by hinges and India-rubber springs, and, without the front rising, can, at the will of the sitter, be tipped back twenty-five degrees or more, and will return to their natural place on the pressure being removed. Each chair has twenty-two and a-half inches allotted it, while other methods of seating give only seventeen inches, and there is no possibility of crowding more persons in than there are chairs. Underneath each chair is a square hat-box, in which the chapeau is safe from injury by the boots of those behind or on the side. The space between the rows of chairs is three feet ten inches wide, and visitors can pass those seated without compelling them to stand. The theatre can be emptied in three minutes, and is, we believe, prospering finely.

AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Mr. Macgregor, the owner of the Rob Roy, is making a canoe voyage through the East. Writing from Tiberias, he gives a description of some Americans whom he had encountered on his way, and adds a few words of comment and anecdote:—

Some of our cousins are good travellers. Some of the very best Oriental travellers are and were Americans. But nine out of ten of those who come from "the States" to see the world, pass through and over it and see nothing at all. Once an American traveller entered Nazareth with me at eight o'clock in the evening. At half-past four next morning he had left. In America he could say he had seen Nazareth. Another who had journeyed in Syria had omitted to visit Damascus. He could not know this when talking with others, and he came back all the way to Beyrout with me, and rode to Damascus and back, and embarked again. Another being in quarantine with me, confessed that whole pages from "Murray" were sent home as her journal, and that she inserted in the "towns visited" all the stations on the London and Brighton Railway, which she had traversed once by train. I love, honour, and respect America, and its citizens, but in all my long journeys I never once met an American who seemed to really enjoy any one place: he is always speaking of the next place to be "done," and of the shortest time he can do it in.

The great mistake they make is to try to go to many spots, and over many miles, rather than to be content to see some places only but to see them well. Above all, the East must be seen deliberately. To run over it is exactly like looking at bright pictures in a book without reading a page of its print. Palestine must be slowly seen, and the man who stops two days at the same place, and who thus imbibes the *genius loci*, the air of the place, knows more of the whole land than if he had passed through five other places in the same day without resting, thinking, nay, pondering, over what is around him. A young American told me lately he meant *not* to go to Palestine. I asked him why. He said, "All our Yankee tourists 'do' the Holy Land. One of our cleverest girls in New York said to a learned minister who had just returned from his foreign tour, 'Well, did you go to Palestine?' He replied (half ashamed), 'No, I did not.' 'Ah,' she said, 'I am *so* glad, for I have been so much bored lately by all my friends, who have all come back from Palestine, and all have been *at* Samaria, and *at* Bethlehem, and *up* Mount Tabor, and *down* to Jordan, and not one of them seems really to know as much of the realities of the Holy Land as I can read in a school-book, so I am quite delighted to meet a traveller who has not been to Palestine.'" An American, who had come to see Europe, asked me, in London, after having bestowed two days upon seeing the largest city in the world, "Can you tell me if I can go and see Birmingham, and Warwick Castle, and Kenilworth, and then Oxford, and go on to Southampton, all in one day?" I answered that he could *see* a great deal more than that in one day, and it was a pity not to do as much as possible in the time; and as for that kind of travelling, daylight was of little consequence to *see* places by, the best way would be to take a return ticket to Edinburgh, and to start by the night mail, for then he could say that he had seen York Minster, and a whole host of English towns.

I could give other similar instances, but enough has been given to call attention to this class of travellers. They have little time to spend. This is their misfortune, and for that no blame attaches; but I complain that, having little time, they waste it by trying to stretch it over what it will not cover, and thus they lose the benefits of a proper tour, they get little profit or pleasure themselves, and they are bores to other travellers here, they are unworthy representatives of their great and wonderful people, and thus do wrong to their own nation. Against such I most earnestly protest, at least for Palestine and Egypt. The East *cannot* be skimmed.

Fife House, one of a line of fine old mansions which rose on the banks of the Thames at Whitehall, has disappeared during the last week. It was remarkable for one thing. The late Earl of Fife—the friend of Sir Walter Scott—being resolved that even when in London he would always walk on Scottish soil, sent the gravel and loam for the garden at Fife House, by barges, up from Scotland, at a cost, it is said, of nearly £20,000.

THE LATER YEARS OF EDMUND KEAN.

AMONG the most interesting of the original passages in *Hawkins' Life of Edmund Kean* must be reckoned the contributions of Kean's medical friend at Richmond, Dr. Smith. They enable us to see more than has hitherto been seen of the player's later wrestlings with life on the stage, and of his inner life at home. Dr. Smith thus writes :—

On the 19th of February, 1831, he was announced to play Othello at Drury Lane. On the morning of that day he told me that he felt so unwell as to find it necessary to send his secretary, Mr. Lee, up to London, with an apology for his inability to perform. To reassure him, I promised to accompany him if he would go. His eye brightened as he replied, "It would give me great confidence to know that you were behind the scenes; so I will." I afterwards found it impossible to go with him in his post-chaise, but I promised to be at the theatre in less than an hour after him. He went. Contrary to my expectations, I was able to reach the theatre before the performance commenced. The announcement that I was Mr. Kean's medical adviser gained me immediate admission to the back of the stage, and, upon going into the tragedian's dressing-room, I found him seated in the chair before the glass, an attendant colouring his face for Othello, and a goblet of hot brandy-and-water upon the table in front of him. His dressing room was still haunted by noble and distinguished visitors, some of whom were smoking and drinking with him. Kean seemed very pleased to see me, and, in answer to my inquiries, said he felt well enough to go through his part. I pointed to his brandy-and-water, and shook my head. "Ah," he returned, with a melancholy smile, "until four years ago I could play without that, but I can't do Othello now without it." He played very finely, and the audience were in ecstacies. In the fifth act he was nearly exhausted, and when the curtain fell, I found that he was very feeble. His post-chaise, standing outside, ready to start for Richmond, attracted the attention of the people as they went out, and a crowd assembled to see him drive off. It was a beautiful night, and they waited patiently until the tragedian, having washed part of the brown complexion of the Moor from his face, and exchanged his rich Oriental dress for that of the nineteenth century, came out. As he issued from the stage door they gave him a tremendous cheer; he was then swiftly caught up, and carried in triumph to the post-chaise. "Hi! stop!" I cried, thinking that the coachman, who did not know that I was there, would drive off without me. "Let that gentleman pass through, will you?" said Kean to some of the crowd; "he is my medical adviser." The words were no sooner out of his lips than I found myself lifted off *terra firma*, and in the twinkling of an eye deposited by the side of my patient in the post-chaise. He appeared not at all unused to demonstrations like these, and seemed to enjoy my amazement very much. We then drove off at full speed.

And then the curtain descends to soft music and tears :—

His whole life at Richmond was one of self-reproach; and as an illustration of this, a further extract from Dr. Smith's communications to me will be acceptable to the reader. "I used to see him every day. One evening, in the summer of 1832, I crossed the green and went into his house, the door being open. In the twilight, I saw the figure of Mr. Lee, not very clearly defined, standing at the door of Mr. Kean's sitting-room. The secretary, who was attentively listening to something, raised his finger to enjoin silence. The tragedian was sitting at the piano, accompanying himself to an inexpressibly sweet singing of 'Those Evening Bells.' Next he sang with exquisite sweetness and pathos one or two of Moore's melodies, after which he repeated 'Those Evening Bells.' At first he sang with great clearness; but gradually his voice became plaintive in the extreme—then tremulous—then thick, as if with emotion. It slowly died away, and a dead silence followed. I softly opened the door and went in. His head was bowed down upon the piano, and as he raised it on hearing the approach, a moonbeam fell upon the keys of the instrument, showing me that they were wet with tears."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[The following list of books, published during the last week or ten days, does not comprise works of a technical, sectional, or merely professional character.]

	Published at. s.	d.
American Chess-Nuts, a Collection of Problems ..	18	0
Artemas Ward's Lectures in London	6	0
Browne (J. R.), Adventures in the Apache Country	8	6
Campin (F.), Law of Patents for Inventions (Weale's Series)	2	0
Carnarvon (Earl), Reminiscences of Athens and the Morea	7	6
Challis (J.), Principles of Pure and Applied Calculation	15	0
Clode (C. M.), The Military Forces of the Crown	21	0
Dulcken (H. W.), Good Old Stories & Fairy Tales	3	6
Dulcken (H. W.), Old Nursery Tales and Famous Histories	3	6
Edwards (F.), On the Extravagant Use of Fuel in Cooking	5	0
Edwards (H. T.), The Victorious Life	7	6
Eric Thorburn, a Novel	31	6
Jenkin (Mr. C.), Within an Ace	10	6
Lecky (W. H.), History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne	28	0
Leland's Hans Breitmann's Christmas	1	0
Leland's Hans Breitmann as a Polititian	1	0
Mazzini (J.), Life and Writings of, vol. 5	9	0
Milne (A.), Manual of Materia Medica and Therapeutics	6	0
Mossman (S.), The Origin of the Seasons from a Geological Point of View	10	6
Muller (F.), Facts and Arguments for Darwin ..	6	0
Oxford (The) Spectator	3	6
Pioneers of Civilization	3	6
Rassam (H.), Narrative of British Mission to Theodore, 2 vols.	28	0
Religious Republics: Six Essays on Congregationalism	8	6
Schiller's Song of the Bell, with Translation by Merivale	1	0
Simcox (G. A.), Poems and Romances	6	0
Terenti Comoediae, with Notes by Wagner	10	6
Thackeray's (W. M.), Works, vol. 18, Roundabout Papers, &c.	7	6
Tottenham's Harry Egerton, 3 vols.	31	6
Vaughan (C. J.), Voices of the Prophets	2	6
Vaughan (Robert), A Memorial	1	0
Vogel (Dr. C.), The German Commercial Correspondent	2	6
Von Trolsch (A.). Treatise on Diseases of the Ear	20	0
Walmsley (H. M.), The Ruined Cities of Zululand, 2 vols.	18	0

The late judge, Baron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied, "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER.—A typograpbical error. It should be Duke Aranza. The play *Old Heads and Young Hearts* was written, as stated, by Mr. Boucicault.

RECEIVED.—J. S. D.; Jas. Ambrose.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester.

CHARLES LAMB'S WIT.—Wit and humour proper amuse, not by suggesting the state of mind of which they are the index, but by the absolute force of the incongruities they start and enforce. When Charles Lamb said to the old lady who had ended her long prosing about the virtues of her favourite hero by saying, "I know him, bless him!" "Well, I don't; but damn him at a hazard;" or on hearing that the sonata some young lady had been playing was a very difficult piece of music, replied, "Difficult! I wish it were impossible;" or said to the scientific farmer, who asked him how the crop of turnips was likely to turn out, that "it depended," he believed, "on the boiled legs of mutton"—our amusement springs not from the vision of the state of mind which gave birth to these remarks, but from the depth of incongruity into the heart of which you are led so naturally.

ERRATA.—In the article "The American Snob," in last Saturday's *Sphinx*, for "dandy brilliant maker" read "dandy billiard marker;" for "indecent bosh" read "indecent hash;" for "sacerdotalism" (twice) read "sacramentalism;" and for "imported communicants" read "unfasted communicants." In the quotation from Mr. Froude's address, at St. Andrew's University, headed "The Rewards of Literature," for "our own countryman, Thomas Carlyle," read "your own countryman, Thomas Carlyle." Mr. Froude is an Englishman.

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